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# THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY

FEBRUARY, 1918



A CABIN HOME

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# THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY

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REV. WILLIAM S. BEARD, *Managing Editor*

E. H. HAMES, *Business Manager*

## RUNNING UP THE LONG HILL.

It is the distinct impression of one observer at least that our rate of progress in working Christian unity has been checked. He gathers this both from the substance and from the tone of reports and utterances at the annual meeting of the Home Missions Council and similar interdenominational gatherings; but still more clearly from records of the unifying movement covering longer periods of time, such as quadrennial reports of the Federal Council of Churches. Things are moving less fast in this direction than they were from four to eight years ago,—partly at least because we are now chiefly dealing with things while we were then chiefly dealing with ideas.

The earlier years of the present decade precipitated some epoch-making agreements and declarations as to Christian unity in many fields,—notably that of home missions. We saw true visions and we said right things. But now we are operating in another medium. We dealt then with conceptions; now we deal with application. Then we were engaged in thinking it through; now with “putting it over.” Our task then was to convince minds; now to control measures and institutions. We investigated and surveyed then; now we have to act. Then we were re-directing ideas; now we ought to re-direct money. The present task is very much more difficult. The stern medium of fact is harder to work with than the exhilarating atmosphere of thought.

When this is confessed—and with it the natural checking of our rate of progress—one comes to reflect rather enviously upon certain short cuts to our desired end which are not available. But we do not really expect nor desire it this way. We shall remain allies who have patiently to work out their joint measures through sympathetic understandings. How far have we come in this direction? Not one-tenth of the way—no, not one-hundredth. Scarcely one dollar of Christian money in each hundred thousand is visibly dedicated to working unity.

The adjustment of mind to the probability that the war will be a long one constitutes a moral crisis; for too remote a victory is to most of the human race no victor yet at all. To measure out our hoped for, early achievement through tedious years is to weaken the very will to achieve. We need to reassure our souls therefore, that they really have the will to victory—that we mean to reach working Christian unity,—for the avoidance of duplication and waste, for the peace and shepherding of communities, for the honor of Christ.

But it is not enough to renew the will to victory. We must immeasurably speed up our efforts to secure it in the very moment of realizing that the process will be prolonged. There is a long hill ahead but we must take it on the run. This is no time to saunter. Every pending measure of unity should be promptly consummated, every opportunity the more urgently and loyally sought. Never was there such shortage of men; never was the monetary cost of duplication and rivalry greater, never was the need of saving Christian effort more extreme, and never the incentives for unity more absolute, for the nation's sake and for God's.

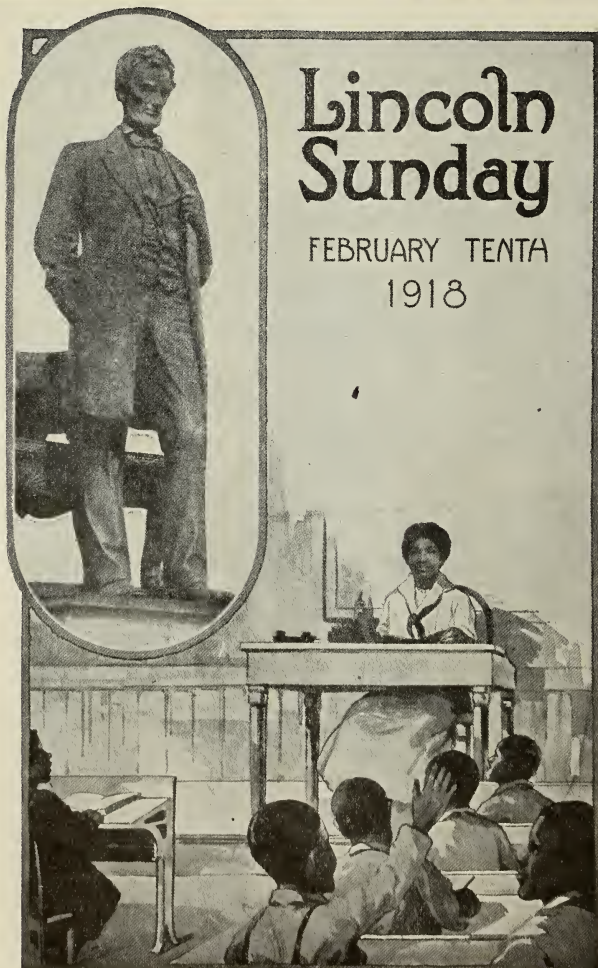
—H. P. Douglass.

**AMONG EIGHT RACES IN  
AMERICA. WHITE, NEGRO.  
INDIAN, ALASKAN, PORTO RICAN,  
CHINESE, JAPANESE, HAWAIIAN.**

**CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS.  
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# Lincoln Sunday

FEBRUARY TENTH  
1918

The One Hundred and Ninth Birthday of Abraham Lincoln February 12th. The Lincoln Memorial Offering February tenth with the Appeal of Christian Patriotism—Honor the Memory.



## A Memory of Lincoln

By A. F. Beard

Fifty-eight years ago while strolling about in Rome I came upon the Hon. William H. Seward, then United States Senator from New York, who, like myself, was looking over the old Roman Forum. I had heard Mr. Seward in an address at Yale, and had exchanged the courtesy of the street with him in the city of his residence. I knew him to be a courteous gentleman and as he came near me I recognized his presence. He extended his hand to a young American citizen who assured him that it was an honor to meet the American Cicero on the stamping ground of the ancient one. Thereupon he invited me to share his conveyance in farther sight-seeing.

On my return to New York I found that this very interesting gentleman who had taken me up for the day was the prominent candidate for the presidency of the United States. Of course I had no hesitation in the opinion that he ought to be nominated and elected. While in Europe I had not followed the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and my very positive pre-judgment had a pleasurable memory for its basis.

Taking up the study of theology in Union Seminary I was rooming in the same building with my Yale law-student classmate Seely—afterwards a judge in one of the higher courts of Pennsylvania. He informed me that Abraham Lincoln was in the city and would speak that evening in Cooper Institute. Seely said, "We will go and hear him. He may be President, you know." Neither of these propositions appealed to me. I had no interest in Lincoln, and I had an unbounded one in Seward. Seely quoted the Lincoln-Douglas debates with great appreciation, and to my friendly resentment that the man from the West should be compared with Seward of national recognition. Nevertheless I went to hear Lincoln with my antagonistic unreason. We found sittings near the platform (not ten yards away) where we could observe every feature of the heralded debater. He came in with Horace Greeley on the one side and William Cullen Bryant on the other. On the platform were the most distinguished scholars, jurists and ministers in the city. The immense hall was filled to its utmost capacity; many doubtless led by curiosity to hear the successful stump speaker who had given Douglas some of the worst hours that he had ever experienced. Bryant presided and introduced Lincoln. He arose with dignity and began his address. He failed to get the right pitch of his voice at first, indeed his voice broke, and I

nudged Seely with my elbow and whispered, "So that is Lincoln?" The discomfiture, however, was momentary and hardly recognized, and very soon I received a nudge from Seely's elbow with the whisper, "Yes, that's Lincoln." I found myself sitting up with decided interest. Surprise followed surprise. This was no stump speaker or prairie orator, but a statesman with profound and wonderfully exhaustive argument. His terse sentences were not only full of force but full of weight. My interest grew intense as evidently did that of three thousand others, for the stilled house was listening to the man who from point to point in his address was proving himself both the master of his subject and the master of the audience. It was a revelation. There was no more nudging of elbows. Seely and I were craning our necks forward to catch every word of this man who was holding us all in his hand. I had heard Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett, Beecher Spurgeon and Gladstone, but the memory of this argumentative address for sustained power overtops them all. Dignified, clear, strong, he went from strength to strength, increasing in power to the last, and the captured people made the hall ring with cheers and applause. Never was an audience more delighted; and when Horace Greeley undertook to add a few words the people would have none of him, but called, "Lincoln, Lincoln!"; and Greeley subsided. I found myself in the aisle throwing up my hat and shouting "Lincoln, Lincoln!" The Roman Forum with its memory was not even "somewhere." Seward was eclipsed, and I was sure that the man who ended his splendid argument with the appeal, "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it," would make the race, and I hoped he would win.

The man that I saw and heard that evening was not the figure represented in the statue by George Grey Barnard. Not at all! His features were full of animation and life and the play of thought and feeling was such that I could not call him homely. There was no more awkwardness in his manner and form than there was in the matter of his address. The one was fitted to the other. He stood firm upon his feet which were not out of proportion to his large frame, and he stood erect in the consciousness of his power. It was no wonder that he awoke the next morning to find himself as famous in the East as he was in the West. He surely caught Opportunity by the forelock that evening. The man and the hour had arrived.

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AND HAVING CHOSEN OUR COURSE  
 LET US RENEW OUR TRUST IN GOD  
 AND GO FORWARD WITHOUT FEAR  
 AND WITH A MANLY HEART.

—Abraham Lincoln.

**A**BRAMHAM LINCOLN in his debate with Douglass at Galesburg in 1858 quoted from Jefferson that, "*When a free people should give up in absolute submission to any department of government retaining for themselves no appeal from it, their liberties were gone.*"

---

## Lincoln Our Moses

Rev. Newton I. Jones

From his seat on the near hill's summit he saw the ebb and flow  
Of the tide of battle, fiercely waged upon the plain below ;  
And at times his hands grew weary as he held on high his rod.  
But his brave companions stayed them up, for 'twas the rod of God.

And thus "his hands were steady till the setting of the sun."  
The cause that he loved had triumphed and his mighty work was done.  
And now in the depths of human hearts, themselves the walls of fame,  
Is chiseled, never to be effaced, the martyr Lincoln's name.

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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN—HIS DAY

By Secretary Loomis

It has been a matter of no small astonishment to ourselves and all mankind that America, having once made up her mind to go to war, has set about it in a fashion so whole hearted. The great volunteer army, recruited from the very best of her young men, the draft accepted without complaint, the ready assumption of the enormous burden of expense necessary for the conduct of war under modern conditions, with an enemy thousands of miles away, the willingness of the people to submit to heavy and unaccustomed taxes, the prompt over-subscription to the Liberty Bonds and the vast sums freely given for the relief of sufferers beyond the sea,—the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. war work, etc.,—all this cheerfully undertaken under the influence of motives chiefly ideal and altruistic without the pressure of a sense of national peril or the lust of territorial gain—it is a world wonder!

But such things do not happen without a reason. For many years one American has had a place of vast and constantly increasing influence in the minds of his fellow citizens, especially with the young people, an influence unapproached by that of any other man except Washington.

In well nigh every school house in the land the meaning of the flag that floats and flashes above it, is illustrated and explained by the rugged, benignant face of Abraham Lincoln looking down upon teacher and pupils from its walls. For more than a generation the children of our country have been closely following the splendid story of his life; they have listened with delight to his quaint anecdotes and his wise and

kindly sayings, and they have thrilled to the simple yet matchless eloquence of his addresses.

Thus it has come about that no Napoleon nor Frederick the Great, but this "kindly-wise," great-hearted man of the people, this incarnation of democracy at its best, is enshrined as our national hero.

But one cannot truly and deeply admire a man and at the same time remain uninfluenced by his character. Your admiration becomes an instrument by which, perhaps unconsciously to himself or to you, but inevitably, he fashions you in his own likeness. So Lincoln has, for half a century, been begetting spiritual children by the myriad in all the school-houses of the land. Thence have arisen these splendid hosts, these champions of liberty, that America is today pouring forth from her borders; thence come the heroic hearts and blessed, busy fingers of the devoted women who are sending them out.

Nor is it our own land only that feels his influence in these monmentous times. It would not be too much to say that though for more than half a century his lips have been silent and his feet dust, he is nevertheless making larger contributions to the cause of the Allies than any other man. Wherever Democracy is lifting her banner and calling for help in this terrific struggle with her mortal foe, under many flags, in many uniforms along the "far flung battle line," in dark and terrible trenches, in icy Alps, on perilous seas, and amid the gallant squadrons of the sky, "his soul goes marching on."

There are three special reasons why Abraham Lincoln is the patron

saint of the American Missionary Association. In the first place he is one of our folks,—came from just such a simple cabin and was one of just such a group of young people as those to whom we are ministering among the Southern mountains. You see his counterpart over and over again among our school boys at Saluda, Grand View and Pleasant Hill.

Then he gave his life for the freedom of that race for which we chiefly labor. It is no mere figure of speech to say that what we are attempting among the Negroes is simply the completion of that great work of emancipation which he began.

And finally Lincoln is the supreme embodiment of the Spirit of Democracy which is and ever has been the watchword of the American Missionary Association. The point he emphasizes is not simply that a man may rise from the lowest to the highest place, but rather that the lowly place, the place of the common man is, and of a right ought to be, a place essentially lofty. He showed, as scarcely another man since Christ Himself has shown it, the wisdom, the worth and the importance of the plain man of the people.

The National Council at its last session, in view of the pressing needs, the glorious opportunities and the vast work in which the American Missionary Association is engaged, has asked that all our churches and Sunday schools make a special point of keeping Lincoln's Sunday this year, by making an offering of special generosity to its treasury. What better way of doing honor to Lincoln's memory?